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Title: Tearing At Divinity

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It has been said so many  
times,

From nobles down to  
peasant grimes,

That to love

Is to be Divine.

And those who speak,

Continue on,

To say that since Love is  
divine, you know,

Forgiveness is indeed  
more so. But I'm afraid I  
must  
contend

This point that leadsto  
grisly ends.

For to love is to be  
weak,

For if you love the slow  
or meek, They can be  
taken from  
your arms

By those who seek to do  
you harm.

And Forgiveness, you  
say, is divine?

Surely you've sipped too  
much wine!

Forgiveness means that  
you are lax,

Rewarded with steel in  
your back,

Or perhaps theft within  
the night,

Or poisoned drink, in  
broad daylight.

Love steals your armour  
for the foe

Those who forgive,

To hell they go.